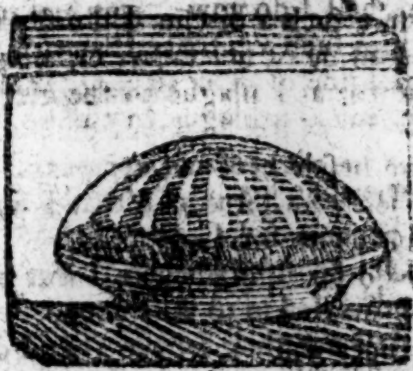


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THREE SONGS.

The Lass of Benochie.

An Advice to the Fifeshire Lasses.

The Thorn.



Edinburgh, printed by J. MORREN,

The Bonny Lass of Benochie.

ONCE I lov'd a lady fair,
 She was a beauty I declare,
 She was the flower of the North country,
 The bonny lass of Benochie.

She being heiress of houses and lands,
 And I alone a poor farmer's son,
 It was her birth and high degree,
 That parted my true love and me.

I lov'd this lady in my heart,
 Against our wills it was to part,
 For she ador'd me as her life,
 In private we were man and wife.

Great knights and 'squires a courting came,
 Unto this fair and lovely dame,
 But all their offers prov'd in vain,
 For none her favour could obtain.

But when her father came to know,
 How that I lov'd his daughter so,
 He Judas like betrayed me
 For keeping of her company.

It was at Auldrain that I was ta'en,
 A prisoner for Lady Jean,
 In fetters strong where I was bound,
 And caried in to Aberdeen.

It's not their frowns that I do mind,
 Nor yet the way that I have to go;
 But love has pierc'd my tender heart,
 And alas! it's brought me very low.

I was embark'd at the shore,
 Never to see my native more,

In Germany a soldier to be,
All for the laſe of Benochie.

But when I was upon the ſeas,
I ne'er could take one moment' eaſe,
For ſhe was daily in my mind,
'The bonny laſe I left behind.

But when I arriv'd in a foreign land,
From my true love a letter came,
With her reſpects in each degree,
Sign'd by the laſe of Benochie.

The anſwer which to her I ſent,
It never to my true love went,
It was her cruel father then,
That told her I abroad was ſlain.

Which griev'd this maiden's heart full ſore,
To think that we would ne'er meet more,
This caus'd her to weep moſt bitterly,
Theſe tidings from High Germany,
O daughter dear thy tears refrain,
To weep for him it is in vain,
I have a better match for thee,
To enjoy the lands of Benochie.

He was the husband of my youth,
In pktyge he had my faith and truth,
I made a vow, I'll wed with none,
Since my true love is dead and gone.

On every finger ſhe put on a ring,
On her mid-finger ſhe put on three,
And ſhe's away to High Germany,
In hopes her true love for to ſee,

O ſhe's put on her robes of green,
Which were moſt lovely to be ſeen,
O had he been a crowned king,
This fair lady might have been his queen.

But when she came to High Germany,
By fortune there her love did see,
Upon yon lofty rampart wall,
As he was standing sentry.

O were my love in this country,
O I could swear that you was she.
For there is not face in High Germany,
So like the lass of Benochie.

The first she met was the colonel then,
And he address'd her most courteously.
From whence she came, and where she was born,
Her name, and from what country?

From fair Scotland, she said, I came,
In hopes my true love for to see,
But now I hear a he's a Granadier,
In your Lordship's company.

What's thy love's name, thou comely dame,
O lady fair come tell me then,
For it's a pity thy love should be,
In the station of a single man.

O William Graham is my love's name,
All these hardships he suffers for me,
But if it should cost me thousands ten,
A single man no more he's be.

O fair lady come along with me,
And thy true love thou soon shalt see,
And for thy sake a vow I'll make,
A single man he's no more he's be.

Young Billy Graham was called then,
His own true love once more to see,
But when he saw her well far'd face,
O the salt tears blinded his eye.

You're welcome here my dearest dear,
You're thrice welcome here to me.

For there's not a face so full of grace,
Not in the lands of High Germany.

With kisses sweet these lovers did meet,
Must joyfully as I am told,
She's chang'd his dress from worsted lace,
To crimson scarlet trimm'd with gold.

But when her cruel father found,
His daughter she abroad was gone,
He sent a letter on express,

'Twas to call these two lovers home.

To him he gave a free discharge,
All for the sake of Lady Jean.

But now we hear he's a wealthy squire
Into the shire of Aberdeen.

O now behold how fortune turns
Her father's rage to unity,

And now he lives in sweet content,
With the bonny Lass of Benochie.

An Advice to the Fifeshire Lasses.

Tune—Woo'd an' married an' a'.

WHAT tidings I hear from the country,

The lasses they'll no court ava,

Although the lads they are pressing,

They still get the hut, tut, awa,

I hear that they winna stand kissing,

But ay turns their face to the wa'.

They are surely gane daft wi' pride,

Since they got the shawls for brae.

What better are ye than your mammies,
 Your gudams an' aunties an' a'
 That ye winna stand the kissing,
 The kissing the kittling an' a'.
 If ye winna alter your plans,
 And court with the lads with speed,
 I'll gang and look them out lasses,
 Baith canty and kind indeed,
 Blooming, tight, lovely, dear queanics,
 As sweet as the flowers in May,
 Syne ye may gang up to the garrets,
 And crack to cat pussy a' day.
 Oh, rue in time dear lasses,
 Kiss an' kittle an' a',
 Think on the lang winter nights,
 Up in the garret an' a'.
 Bra' laddies just try them once more,
 And if that they winna comply,
 Set aff to Buckha'n with speed,
 And bake them a dainty skate-pie;
 Forty capons bring here from Pitucher,
 Ten eels from Balbirnie mill-dam,
 Get Polly to dance at the feast.
 Syne they'll be as pleasant's a lamb,
 To kiss an' kittle an' a',
 Kittle an' kiss an' a',
 And never more turn their face,
 But meet ye half gates an' a'.
 Ye cutties, ye've heard the commandment,
 The very first an' ava',
 That Adam an' Eve they go,
 To multiply, conquer an' a';
 Sae nae mair of your huts an' your tutts,
 But court the laddies with haste,

Consent my lovely dear queanies,
 The pleasures of love to taste,
 Aneath the sheets an' a',
 Blankets an' sheets an' a',
 An' syne to your honour an' joy,
 You'll get laddies and lassies an' a'.

Yon cutty thrice cry'd never mind her,
 That lassie she's surely half dast,
 But ay when ye meet your lovers,
 Convince them you're canny an' fast;
 Nine smacks ilka Friday at gloaming,
 And five ilka Tuesday at e'en,
 And syne you'll be canny and clever,
 And dance like lambs on the green,
 Syne ye'll no get the garrets ava,
 Nor caty puss tail to claw,
 But dainty bonny young laddies,
 Upon your knees an' a'.

Just see yon auld maids teasing backens,
 They sit in the garret their lase,
 Some of them slighted their lovers,
 Now beauty and youth is gone;
 A drap of dry brose in the morning,
 Some 'tatoes and sa't afternoon,
 Whilst the wives gets tea an' toast,
 And kiss'd and kittled when done.

Think on the auld maids, dear lasses,
 Help them a little an' a',

But dinna ye follow their plans,

See how their sa't tears do sa'.

Sound health and sweet peace to each lass,

Who yields to nature's grand law,

May they be happy on earth,

And crown'd on high an' a'.

May spirits select and kind,
 Surround them ear' an' late,
 May joy, and love, and truth,
 Ever be their fate,
 Who kisses an' kittles na' a',
 Kittles an' kisses an' a',
 May every joy attend them,
 Who loves to sing ba, hush a ba.

The Thorn.

FROM the white blossom'd tree, my dear
 Chloe requested,
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn;
 No, by heavens, I exclaim'd, may I perish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

When I shew'd her the ring, and implor'd
 her to marry,

She blush'd like the dawning of morn;
 Yes, I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll pro-
 mise,

That no jealous rival shall laugh me to
 scorn,

No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish,
 If ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

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